The Pioneer's Anthem

By THE KHAN (R. K. KEENIGHAN).

Our steps are growing feeble, our strength is failing fast;
We give a New Year's greeting and this may be the last.
Once we were strong of thought and thigh, once strong of thumb and thew,
Once we were as an army; today we are so few.
The open grave's before us, the staff falls from each hand—
To our children's children and their children's children we bequeath this land!

A land that's big with beauty, a land that's fair and free,
A land in sweet tranquility, a land that's good to see.
Thriving towns and cities, smiling farms on every hand—
To our children's children and their children's children we bequeath this land!

We came to build, and building, a mighty structure grew,
And ever as we builded, builded better than we knew;
And through the darkening wilderness, lo! we were led in might,
Our log heaps made a smoke by day, a pillared flame by night.
Now, when across the continent we've seen our task expand,
To our children's children and their children's children we bequeath this land!

Our country, O our country, the triumph of our toil!
Unto her God we give our souls, our bodies to her soil.
Standing by our graveside, this is our last command:
For our children's children and their children's children thou shalt keep this land!

No more we'll feel the autumn leaves frosted 'neath our feet;
No more we'll see our fields and hills begoldened with the wheat;
No more we'll smell the apple bloom when spring is here again;
No more we'll bring the milch cows home along the darkening lane.
The battle time is over, and we must now disband—
To our children's children and their children's children we bequeath this land!

Lord, Thou who ledst us hither, still ever with us be!
Now lettest Thou Thy servants depart in peace to Thee!
Hear Thou our last weak prayer—we hold Thee by the hand—
"For our children's children and their children's children, Lord God, keep this land!"

Griffin & Richmond Co. Printers and Publishers, Hamilton.